



#### Diagnosing a Case.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce, dan, with his bumps upon his scone, das lived so long, and yet no knowledge he has had, till lately, of Phrenology—a science that by simple dint of head combing he should find a hint of, when scratching o'er those little pole-hills the faculties thrown up like mole hills." —Hood.

For every pink tea in this world there is at least one course of aloe soup. Bobbing along a Wisconsin countryside in an electric car, an afflicted and aged farmer was the cynosure of all eyes. His lower lip, eaten and distorted by a malignant growth, was most nauseating to the ordinary observer. Yet affliction has its fascination to the unafflicted, and the passengers started.

With the freedom of the rural districts a passenger elicited the information that the doctors had disagreed in diagnosis of the affliction. One said it was a cancer and another vowed it was not. One thought it was scrofula and seven others who took the old man's money for torturing him, declined to put themselves on record.

When Mr. Buttinski boarded the car, he began to butt immediately.

"What's that on your lip, uncle?" making a grab for the farmer's chin. "How long have you had it?"

"Nine years? Can't be a cancer, then, or it would have eaten you up by that time," examining the ulcerous parts carefully.

The passengers listened.

"Must be a doctor," said one traveling man to another.

"I'll tell you what that is," bawled Mr. Buttinski, "that's scrofula!"

The passengers were all attention. The farmer was visibly impressed.

"What shall I do for it?" he asked helplessly.

"No way to cure that, only to live right! Eat right! Er"—noting his audience—"of course it may be a cancer," still fingering the old man's head; "I don't know about that. I'm not a doctor, you see. I'm only a head-reader, a phrenologist. I feel of the—"

Here the blatant Mr. Buttinski caught the disgusted look of the audience and stopped short, just as the fat traveling man blurted out:

"A head-reader? Gracious! I thought you were at least a piano-tuner!"

The crowd laughed approvingly, but the farmer, poor devil, sat stolidly mute and sorrowful! Another diagnosis had gone wrong!

#### Unduly Prejudiced.

Bings—Why is Brown so prejudiced against automobiles?

Wings—He was out in his auto with



#### THAT WAS WHY.

a young woman one day and he asked her to marry him.

Bings—Well, she accepted him, didn't she?

Wings—Yes; that's the reason!



#### 'Twas Ever Thus.

Scene—Six little girls playing on the village green.

"Oh, Goodness!" with a shriek. "Look there, girls! Lookee!"

"He's coming this way!"

"Oh, my!"

"He's running!"

"Oh, dear!" wailing. "He's catching—us!" panting.

"Oh, Oh! Now—you—just—stop—that! Oh!" with a shrill cry that startles the neighbors for blocks.

"Oh, dear! Boo-hoo!"

Chorus—"Boo-hoo!" Tears, more tears! Shrieks!

Then a man's voice calls out from Brown's raspberry bushes:

"Here, you! What are you doing to those girls?"

"Aw, g'wan! I ain't doin' nothin' to th' fraidy-cats!" and little Johnnie Brown throws a dead garter snake across Smith's barbed-wire fence and slinks away down the alley!

It is when we get these glimpses of



#### "GIT AWAY FROM ME!"

boyhood that we are reminded of Byron's excerpt:

"A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing, And mischief-making monkey from his birth."

#### In the Soft Moonlight.

They were alone!

And in a hammock at that!

The playful zephyrs rollicked in the moonlight and blew the loose tresses of her hair so riotously they tickled his ear!

He felt that he was in danger, but he would not declare himself. She said nothing. The owl called weirdly from the scraggly monarch on the hill. The lake chattered, and, at the dock, the boat chains grumbled! Far away he heard a bow-wow bark and the tinkle of a bovine bell!

—Still she said nothing!

He did not look at her. He dared not. Yet he knew what a pretty picture she was making as the moonlight ravished her face for kisses!

But, no! He would remain firm. He—

She stirred slightly.

He gave no heed.

"Jack," in a quiet, conquered spirit.

"Jack, you—"

He turned toward her patronizingly.

"—You may—put—your—arm—under—my—head—if—you—"

But, after all, this is none of our business.

"Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band;

Let sage or cynic prattle as he will, These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."

There may be no trot lines in the liquid depths of my lady's eyes, yet the incautious will strike allures more entangling.

A young married man, who thinks his wife is made of uncommon clay, usually wakes up when she begins to snore.

#### BOTH DIED ON FATEFUL DAY

Coincidence in the Passing of Adams and Jefferson.

July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the declaration of independence, was a joyous occasion in the United States. Two distinguished signers were still alive—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Twenty-five years had elapsed since Adams was president and seventeen since Jefferson left the white house. "On that day," says Charles Francis Adams in his biography of his grandfather, "from one end of the country to the other, wherever Americans were gathered together, the names of Adams and Jefferson were coupled in accents of gratitude and praise. Party passions were completely drowned in the flood of national feeling which overspread the land." Says Sir George Otto Trevelyan: "All day long Adams was sinking rapidly and without pain. His last audible remark is said to have been, 'Thomas Jefferson still survives.' But such was not the case. Jefferson died at noon on that Fourth of July and Adams shortly before sunset. There are few more striking circumstances and no more remarkable coincidences in history."

#### Thief's Markings.



The modern Fagin will not train a boy in pocket picking unless he has these strongly marked mounts in his hand.

#### Stingless Bees Not Likely.

Agriculturists have been experimenting to determine whether a comparatively rare stingless bee that is native to North and South America could be bred to replace the common honey bee. The former, according to these investigators, was found to use no wax in the construction of the nests, and the honey stored by them is greatly inferior to that of the common honey bee. The domestication of this species, apparently, does not look very promising.

#### For Pure Milk.



In this apparatus for the home pasteurization of milk the bottles are placed in the cylinders and the surrounding receptacle filled with boiling water. When this has cooled cold water is turned on as on the right, and the milk rapidly cooled.

#### Newly Discovered Cavern.

A new cavern, rivaling in beauty the one at Luray and Wier's Cave and the Cave of Fountains at Shendun, Va., has been discovered in Shenandoah county, Virginia, near Woodstock. The discovery was made by accident. Workmen were taking limestone from a quarry at Tom Brook, and in blasting the stone the entrance to the cave was opened. As yet the cavern has only been explored for about 175 feet, but the portion that has been visited is filled with the most beautiful limestone formations and contains large chambers. Preparations are being made to explore it thoroughly.

#### YOUNG MASTERS OF MUSIC

Genius in That Line Seems to Awaken Early.

The accounts of Master Danewski, who at the mature age of 8 has been conducting a full orchestra at Bournemouth, England, in a military march of his own composition, casually remarked afterward that he had written it several years ago "when he was quite young" suggests a question which is worthy of more attention than it has received. Why are genuine musical prodigies comparatively common, whereas in other branches of art they are practically nonexistent? We say "genuine" because it is undoubtedly the case that while of course not every precocious musician is heard of in maturer life, nearly every great musician has in his time been a prodigy. One need only instance Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Chopin, and among expectants of today, Joachim and Norman-Neruda, to realize that this is so. Have psychologists explained why the genius of music should and does awake in the soul years before that of painting and the allied arts?

#### Round the Globe.

A great globe ornamented with the map of the earth has been carved in



stone to decorate the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea, and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plain surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with scriptural texts, which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

#### Shade of Famous "Blackbeard."

A curious phenomenon that has caused the superstitious no little fear is the appearance of photographic impressions on the window panes of the jury room of the courthouse at Yorkville, Va. One of the tracings represents a ghostly figure, apparently a skeleton, with his bony, ragged fingers clasped tightly around a telescope poised, mariner like, before the eye, intent on discerning some distant object.

This is pronounced by those informed on the subject to be nothing less than the shade of Old Blackbeard, the pirate chief who once had his headquarters at Temple Farm, and that even now haunts the vicinity of his old hiding place.

#### Tokio Children Playing Soldiers.



A sketch from life by the London Chronicle's Japanese artist at Tokio.

#### Girls War on Mosquitoes.

The Leap Year Girls' club of Beverly, Mass., have undertaken a crusade against mosquitoes at that place. They will administer a coat of coal oil to two ponds near Beverly. The girls in some way figure that mosquitoes may interfere with the purposes of the club.